

REMENDER • CRAIG • LOUGHRIDGE

DEADLY CLASS™



1988

#14



The Story So Far...

When homeless orphan Marcus Lopez was asked to join Kings Dominion Atelier of the Deadly Arts, a shadowy school specializing in training the next generation of the world's deadliest assassins, he figured he had nothing left to lose. He was wrong.

Marcus wound up caught between two women, Maria, who desperately loved him, and Saya, whom Marcus fell for hard. Unable to withstand Saya's dark charms, Marcus cheated on Maria and has hated himself for it ever since.

The lovers' quarrel came to a head when the family of Maria's former boyfriend, whom she murdered to save Marcus' life, came for revenge. In the carnage that ensued, Marcus realized his true feelings for Maria...but it was too late. Murder and deception might be on the curriculum at Kings Dominion, but getting caught is a failure punishable by death.

Maria found this out when she sought to cover her tracks with Headmaster Lin and felt life ebbing from her body as she drank the poison tea he offered in friendship.

Now Marcus shares a terrible secret with a few friends: Saya, Willie and Billy. A secret that could cost them all their lives. And one that they might go to some lengths to keep from being discovered...

DEADLY CLASS created by Rick Remender & Wes Craig

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I HAVEN'T SAID AN HONEST THING IN WEEKS. NOTHING. WHAT AM I TRYING TO DO? WHAT AM I TRYING TO SAY? QUOTING SOME DEPECHE MODE, SUE ME.

THINGS ARE BADLY FUCKED AND I CAN'T KEEP IT TOGETHER.

IT'S BEEN TWO MONTHS SINCE MARIA RAN OFF.

DISAPPEARED IN THE NIGHT.

THERE ISN'T A MORAL AT THE END OF EVERY STORY.

MOSTLY JUST HEARTBREAK AND CONFUSION.

LEX TOOK THE FALL FOR THE TROUBLE WE CAUSED.

WE ALL LIED, BLAMED HIM.



THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS LOVE. I'M DONE HUNTING FOR IT.

EVERYONE'S A LIAR. EVERYONE'S SELFISH.

I ALWAYS KNEW MARIA WAS DAMAGED.

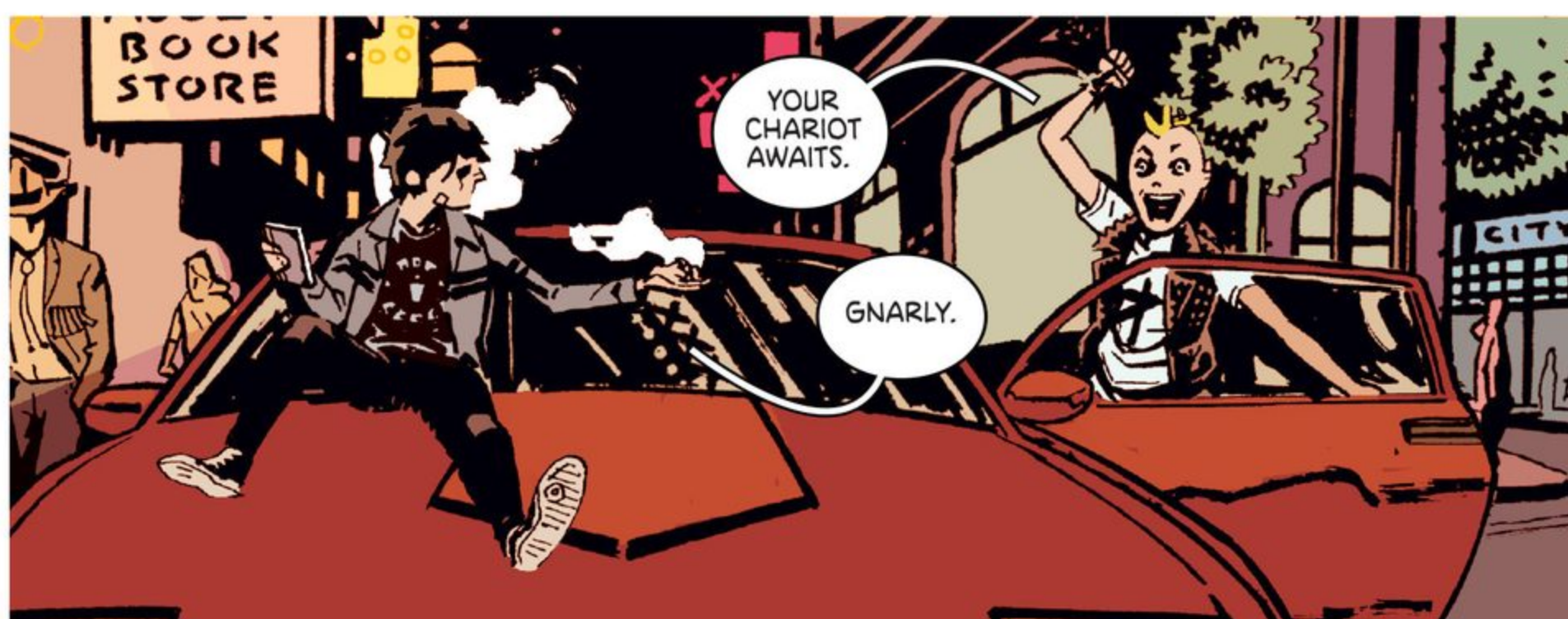
ALWAYS KNEW THIS IS WHERE WE WERE HEADING. KNEW EVERYTHING SHE SAID WAS A LIE.



MAYBE THAT'S HOW SHE KEPT ME AROUND. LYING AWAY ALL OF MY CONCERNS.

I MUST'VE NEEDED LIES SOMETHING FIERCE BECAUSE I BOUGHT IT ALL.

EVERYONE GETS TIRED OF EVERYONE ELSE. EVERYONE WILL CHEAT.



NEED NEW DISTRACTIONS TO KEEP ME FROM BEING AWARE OF IT.

DURING CHANGE LIFE IS UNCOMFORTABLE. BUT ONLY TO THE DEGREE THAT YOU HOLD ONTO THE PAST.

LIKE THE PHANTOM LIMB THAT STILL ITCHES AFTER IT'S BEEN SEVERED.



MARIA STILL ITCHES.

"I WANT TO CONQUER THE WORLD!"



"GIVE ALL THE IDIOTS A BRAND NEW RELIGION!"

I LOVE THE SMELL OF GASOLINE AND ETHER!

RED LIGHT AHEAD.

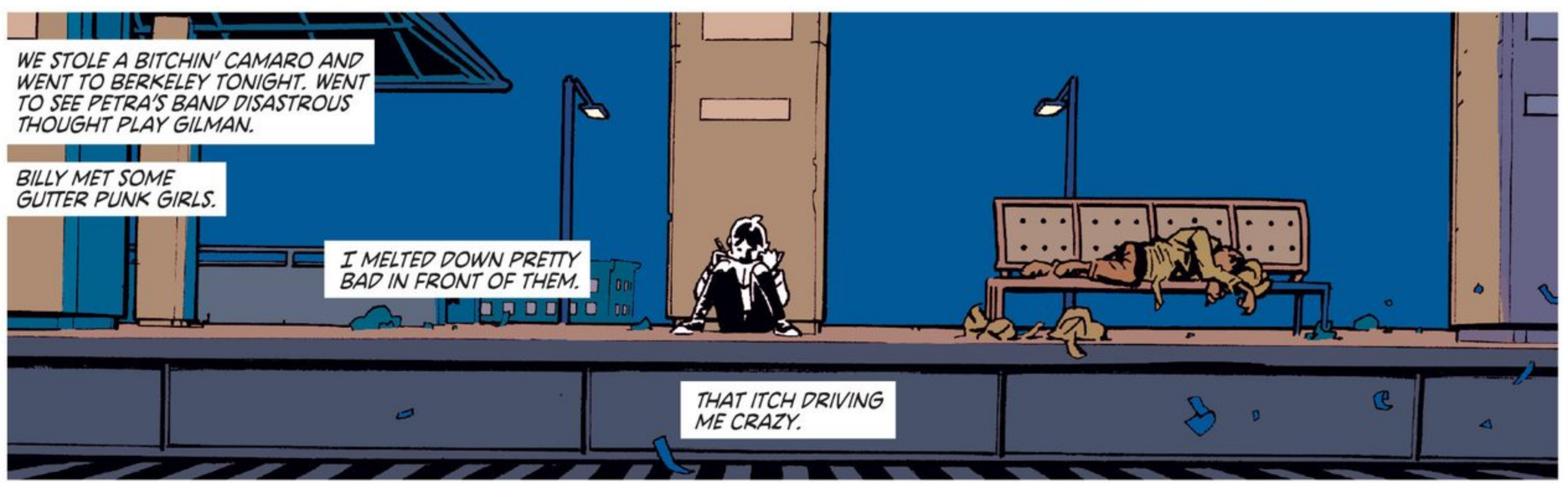
WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL.

NOT SURE IF WE'RE TRYING TO FEEL ALIVE...



...OR TRYING TO KILL OURSELVES.

PARTY PEOPLE COMIN' THOROUGH!



WE STOLE A BITCHIN' CAMARO AND WENT TO BERKELEY TONIGHT. WENT TO SEE PETRA'S BAND DISASTROUS THOUGHT PLAY GILMAN.

BILLY MET SOME GUTTER PUNK GIRLS.

I MELTED DOWN PRETTY BAD IN FRONT OF THEM.

THAT ITCH DRIVING ME CRAZY.



MIXING BOOZE AND SPEED IS NASTY ON THE TEMPER.

--THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ME?!

--HE'S NOT WITH ME. I JUST MET HIM.

BILLY AND THE GIRLS WERE GONE BY THE TIME I WAS DONE FREAKING OUT.



I'M SITTING AT THE BART STATION IN OAKLAND WAITING FOR THE TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

I'M SUCH A DUMMY. CAN'T EVER DO OR SAY THE RIGHT THING.

A HOMELESS LADY IS SHITTING AN ANACONDA NEXT TO ME.

I'M ALL BY MYSELF ALL OVER AGAIN.

NEVER FELT SO LONELY. I'M NOT LIKE THE OTHERS. I PUSH THEM ALL AWAY.

AND THE ONLY HOMES I EVER HAVE ARE POISON.



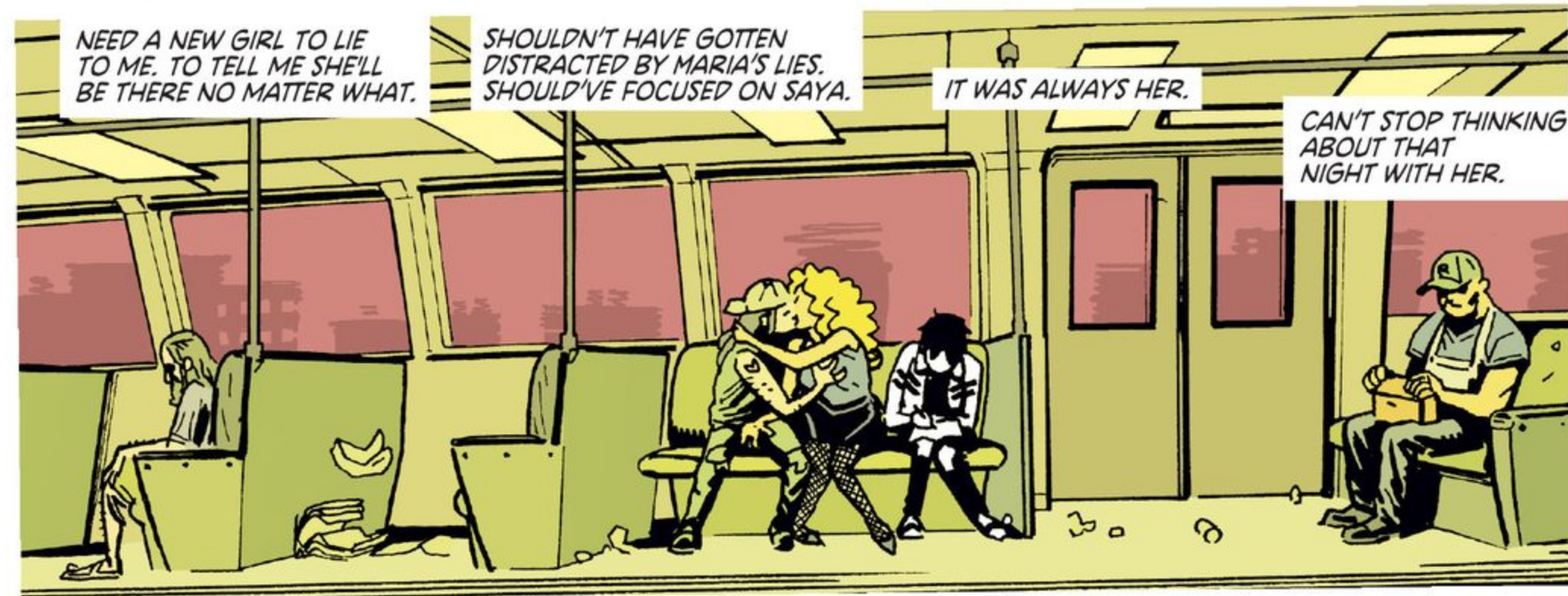
ASS ALL OVER THE STREETS!

NEED A NEW GIRL TO LIE TO ME. TO TELL ME SHE'LL BE THERE NO MATTER WHAT.

SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN DISTRACTED BY MARIA'S LIES. SHOULD'VE FOCUSED ON SAYA.

IT WAS ALWAYS HER.

CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT NIGHT WITH HER.



SAYA IS SO BEAUTIFUL IN SO MANY WAYS, YET HORROR-STRICKEN-TERRIBLE IN SO MANY OTHERS.



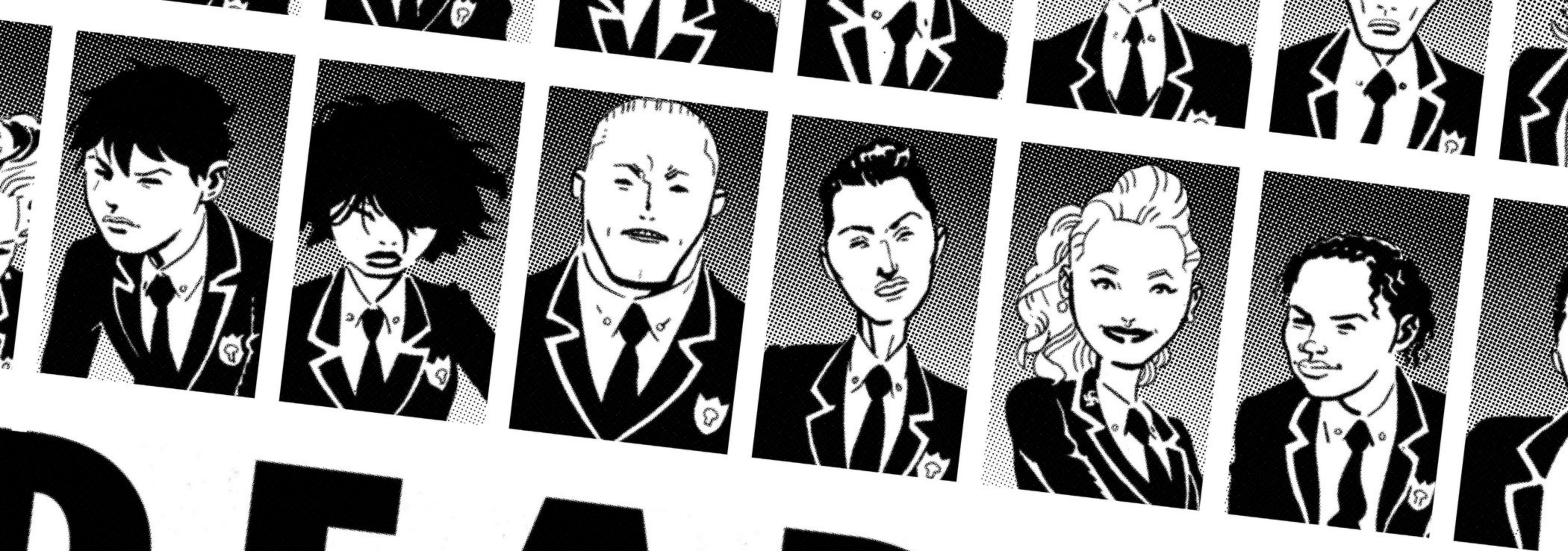
I THINK SHE'S LOST HER HEART.

IT'S SHATTERED AND DRY.

IT LEAVES SPLINTERS IN THOSE WHO CARE FOR HER.

MAYBE WE COULD SAVE EACH OTHER.





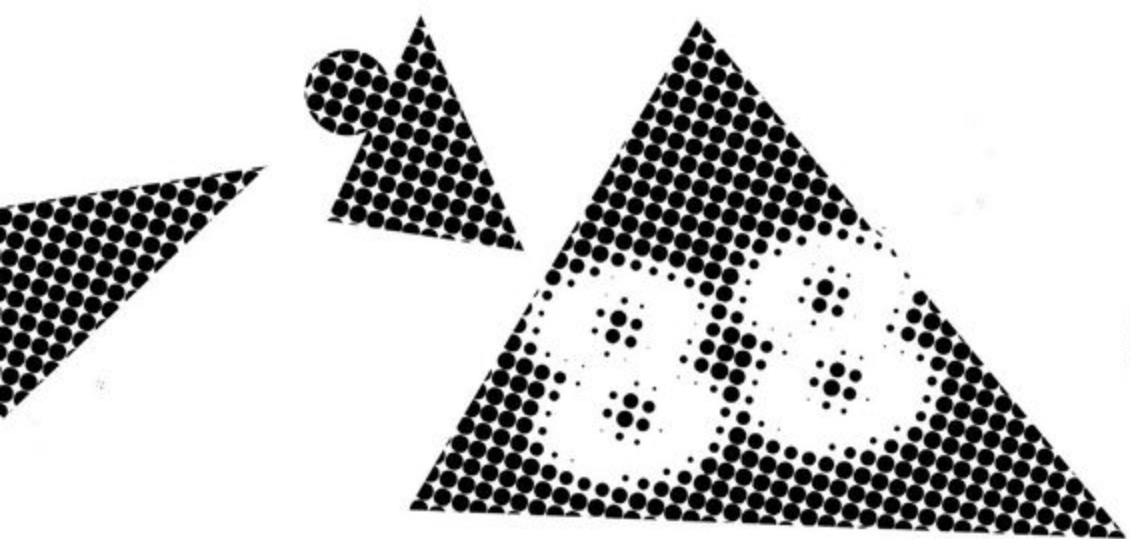
DEADLY CLASSES

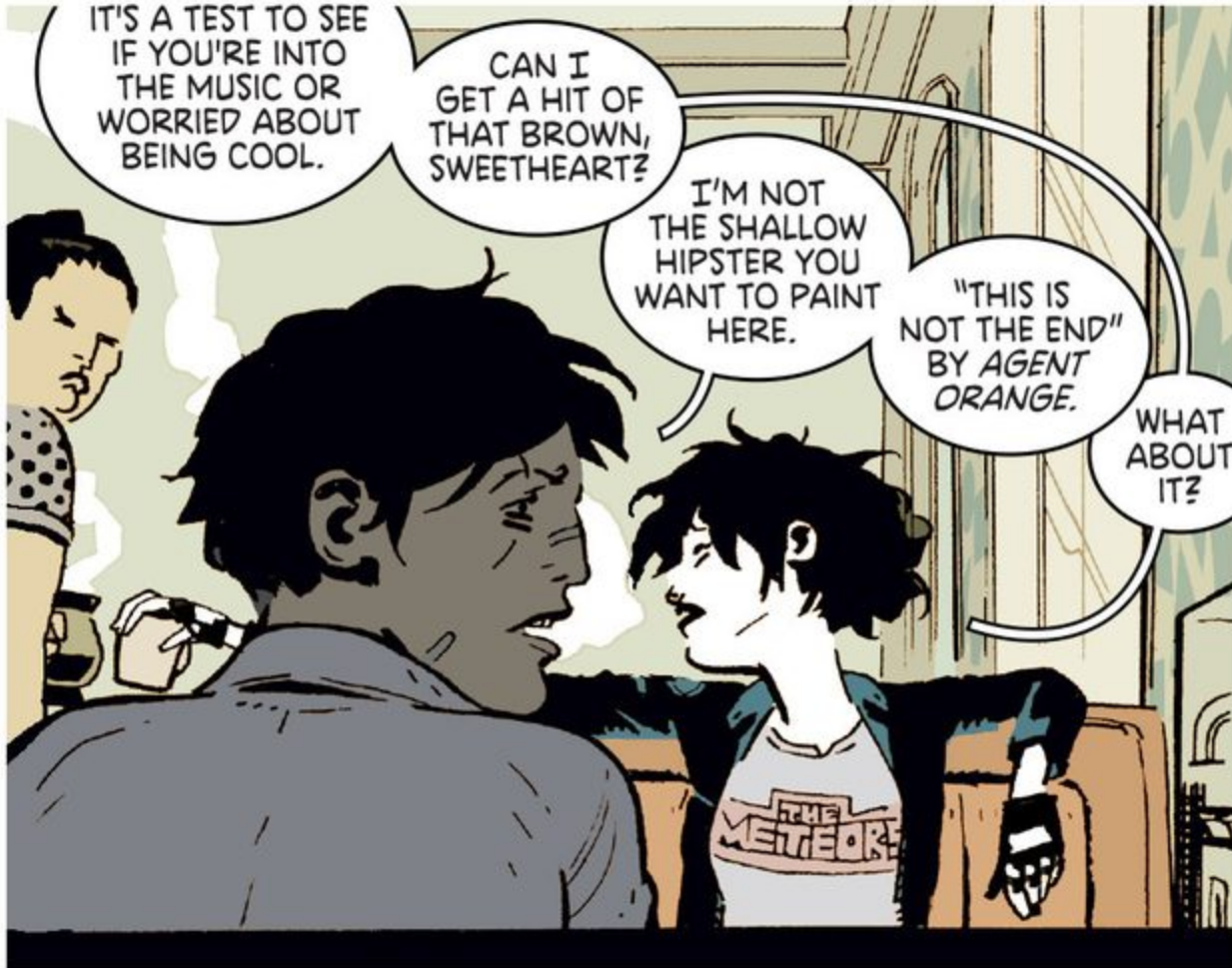
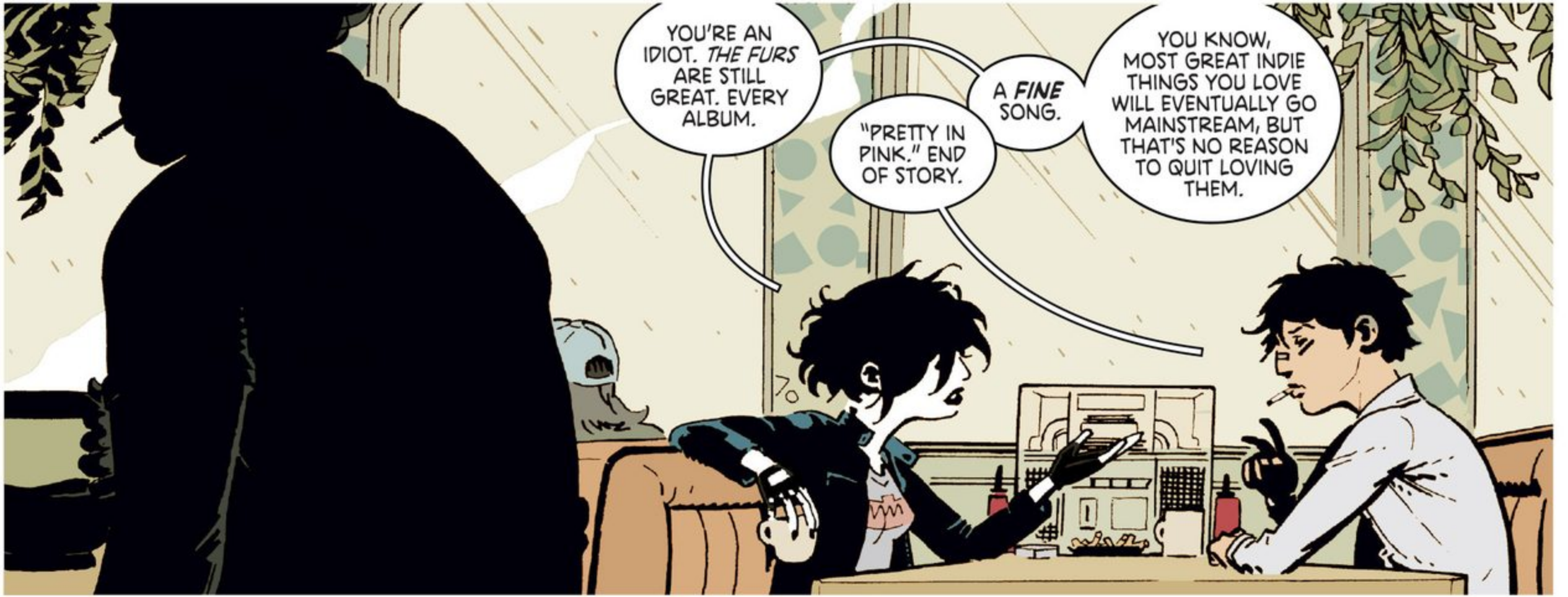
RICK REMENDER WES CRAIG
writer-co-creators-artist

LEE LOUGHRIDGE
colorist

RUS WOOTON
letterer

SEBASTIAN GIRNER
editor







THE WAY SHE
MAKES ME FEEL.

HOW DESPERATELY I
WANT TO BE WITH HER.

HOW WE COULD HELP
FIX EACH OTHER.



I TOLD HER I LOVE HER.

FUCK,
MAN.

THAT'S...

THAT'S
HEAVY.



AND I'M
FLATTERED,
MARCUS.
BUT...

...IT'S
COMPLICATED.
THERE'S MORE
GOING ON
HERE.



BEYOND
THAT OBVIOUS
"REBOUND" NEON
BLINKING OVER
YOUR HEAD.

I'VE GOT
STUFF GOING
ON TOO,
MARCUS.

YOU KNOW,
WILLIE AND I,
WE'VE GOTTEN
CLOSE.

RIGHT
AFTER YOU
CALLED TO
MEET ME
HERE... HE
CALLED.



HE SAID
ALL THE
SAME THINGS
YOU JUST
DID.



THAT
HE LOVES
ME.



I DON'T
WANT TO GET
BETWEEN YOUR
FRIENDSHIP.

I
WON'T.



I THINK
IT'S BETTER
I DON'T
DATE EITHER
OF YOU.



LIKE A DRUG. THE WITHDRAWALS
HURT WORSE THAN THE
REJECTION, WORSE THAN WILLIE'S
BETRAYAL.

WHAT DID I EXPECT?

SHE'D THROW HER ARMS AROUND
ME, TELL ME SHE FEELS THE SAME
WAY?

I WAS SICK OF MARIA, RIGHT? I
CHEATED ON HER WITH SAYA FOR
A REASON. WAS SAYA A REBOUND
PLAY?

DO I SUFFER "THE GRASS IS
ALWAYS GREENER" SYNDROME?



PINING FOR MY CHANCE AT SAYA.

SAYA WHO KISSED ME.

SAYA WHO SLEPT WITH ME.



DID I LOVE EITHER OF THEM?

MAYBE WHEN YOU'RE 15 EVERY
GIRL YOU'RE INTO FEELS LIKE LOVE.

IT'S JUST A GAME TO THE GIRLS.

AND WILLIE. MY "BEST FRIEND."





MAY, 11TH

WHEN DRUGS ARE AVAILABLE I TAKE THEM.







THE SAME DREAM EVERY NIGHT.
THE OLD HOUSE.

MY DAD HAD A FRAMED PICTURE
OF A SURFER ON A GIANT WAVE
IN HIS DEN.



THE WAVE ALWAYS LOOKED
SO HUGE.
MY PAPA TOLD ME THAT WAS LIFE.
THIS GIANT THING TRYING TO GET
YOU THAT YOU HAD TO FIND
PLEASURE IN RIDING.



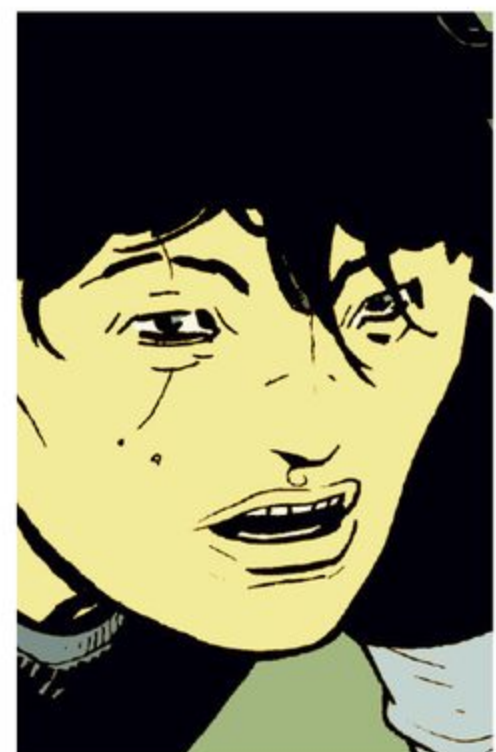
MY PAPA USED TO SURF.
USED TO DRIVE ME ON THE BACK
OF HIS DIRT BIKE TO THE BEACH.
I WOULD SIT AND WATCH HIM.

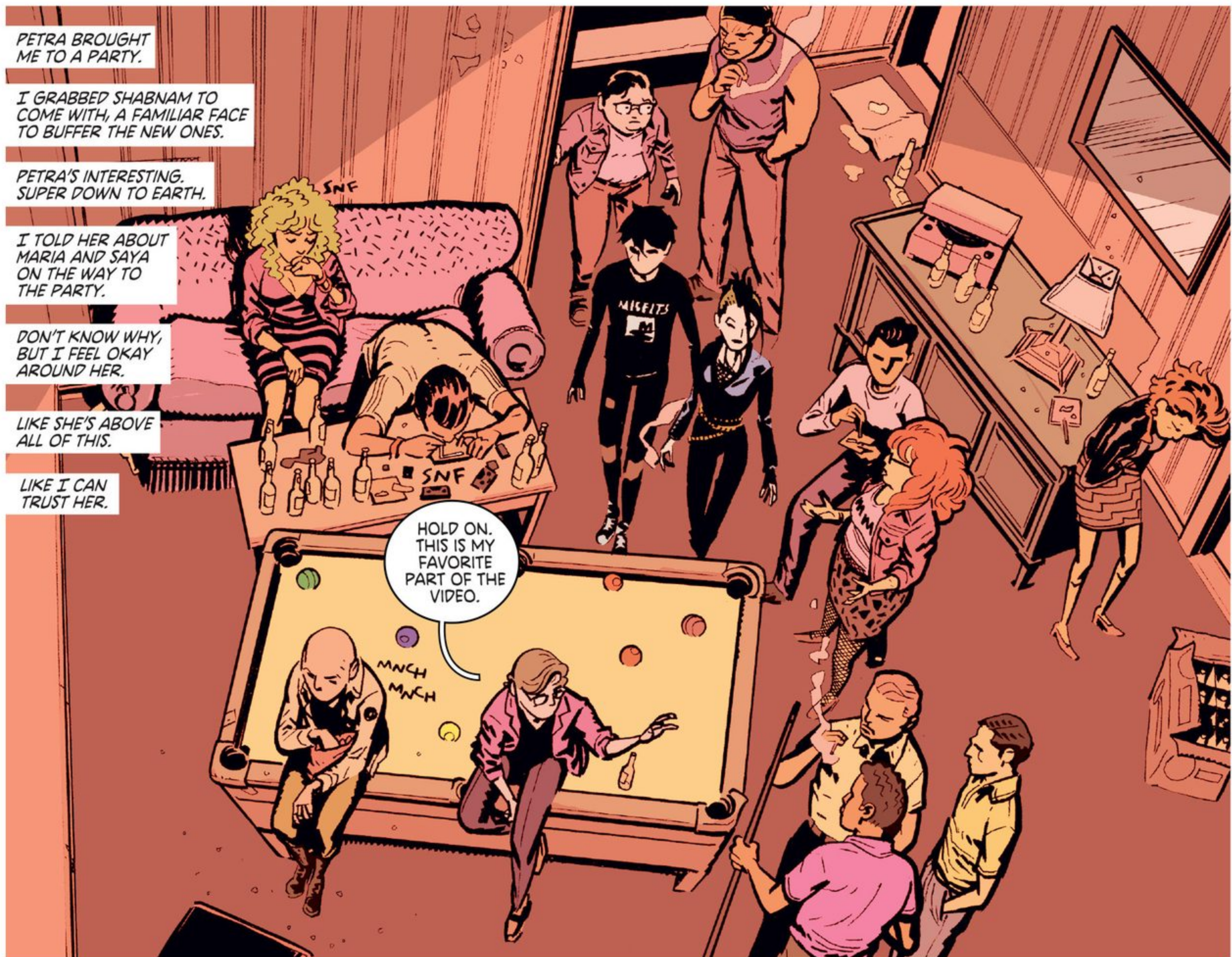


I THINK A LOT ABOUT THAT
PAINTING AND OUR OLD HOUSE.
I THINK A LOT ABOUT
THAT WAVE.



I'VE NEVER FOUND A WAY TO
ENJOY RIDING IT LIKE HE DID.





PETRA BROUGHT ME TO A PARTY.

I GRABBED SHABNAM TO COME WITH, A FAMILIAR FACE TO BUFFER THE NEW ONES.

PETRA'S INTERESTING. SUPER DOWN TO EARTH.

I TOLD HER ABOUT MARIA AND SAYA ON THE WAY TO THE PARTY.

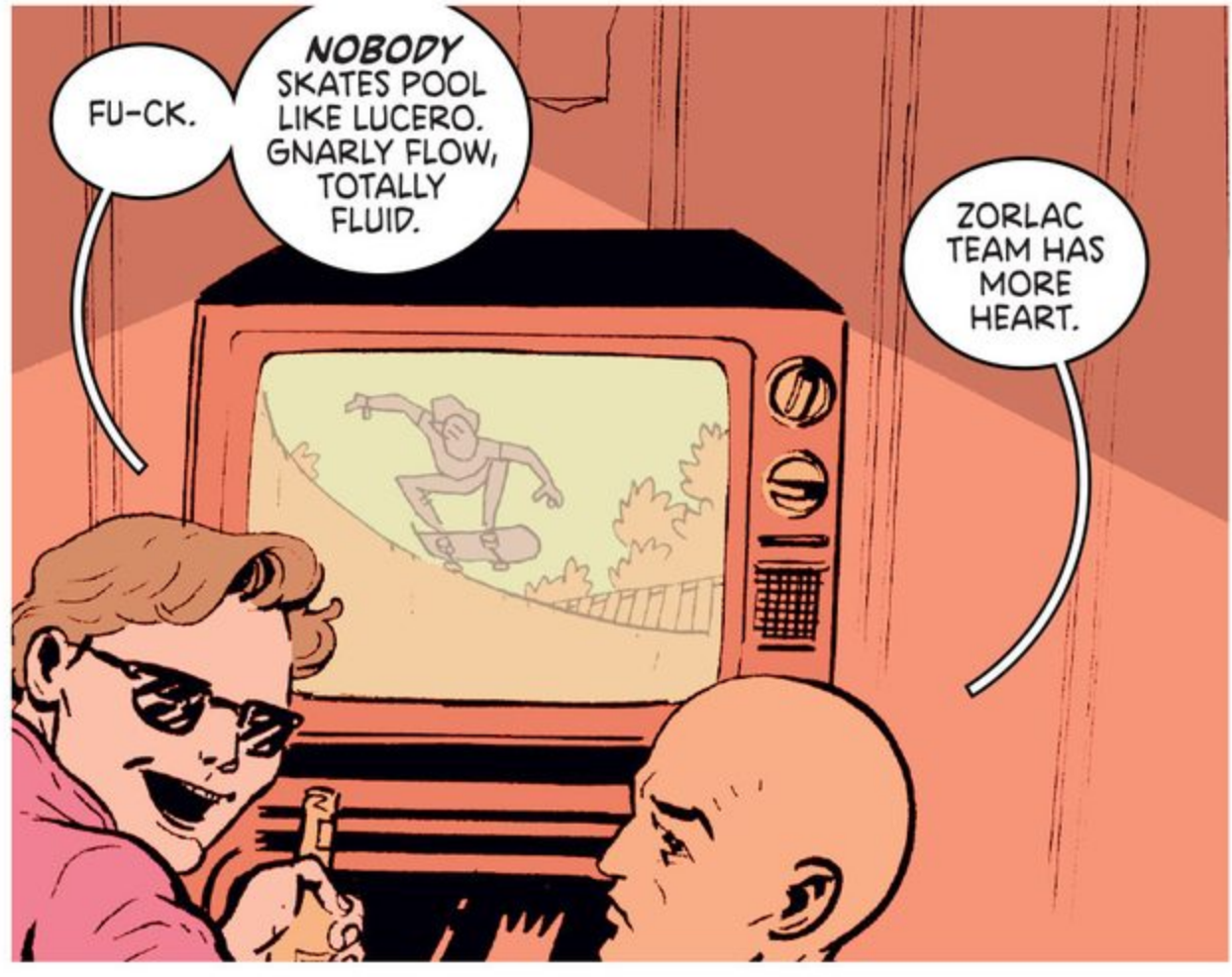
DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I FEEL OKAY AROUND HER.

LIKE SHE'S ABOVE ALL OF THIS.

LIKE I CAN TRUST HER.

HOLD ON. THIS IS MY FAVORITE PART OF THE VIDEO.

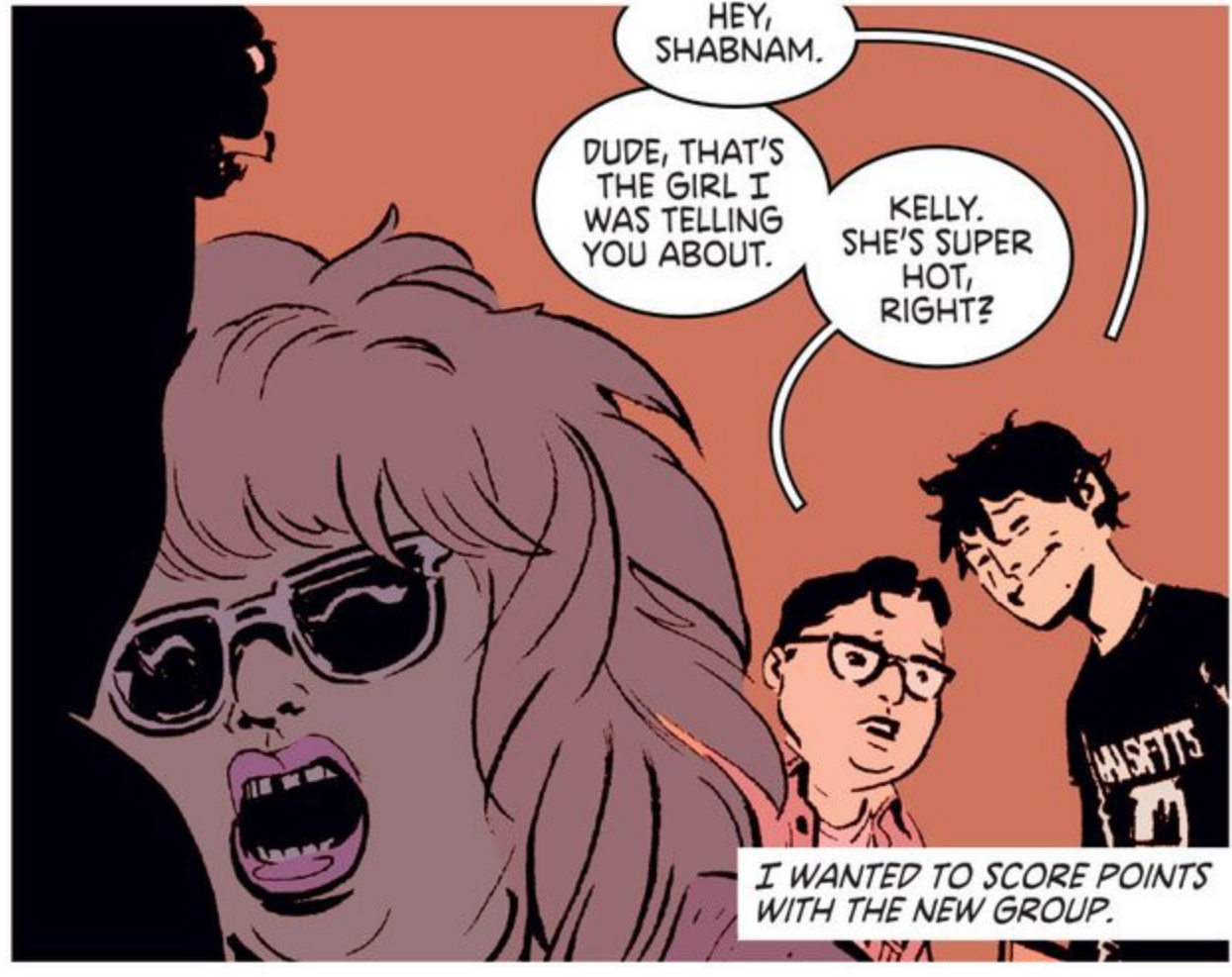
MNCH MNCH



FU-CK.

NOBODY SKATES POOL LIKE LUCERO. GNARLY FLOW, TOTALLY FLUID.

ZORLAC TEAM HAS MORE HEART.



HEY, SHABNAM.

DUDE, THAT'S THE GIRL I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT.

KELLY. SHE'S SUPER HOT, RIGHT?

I WANTED TO SCORE POINTS WITH THE NEW GROUP.



I TOLD SHABNAM IF HE DRANK ALL THE BONG WATER SHE'D BE IMPRESSED.

OH, JESUS CHRIST!

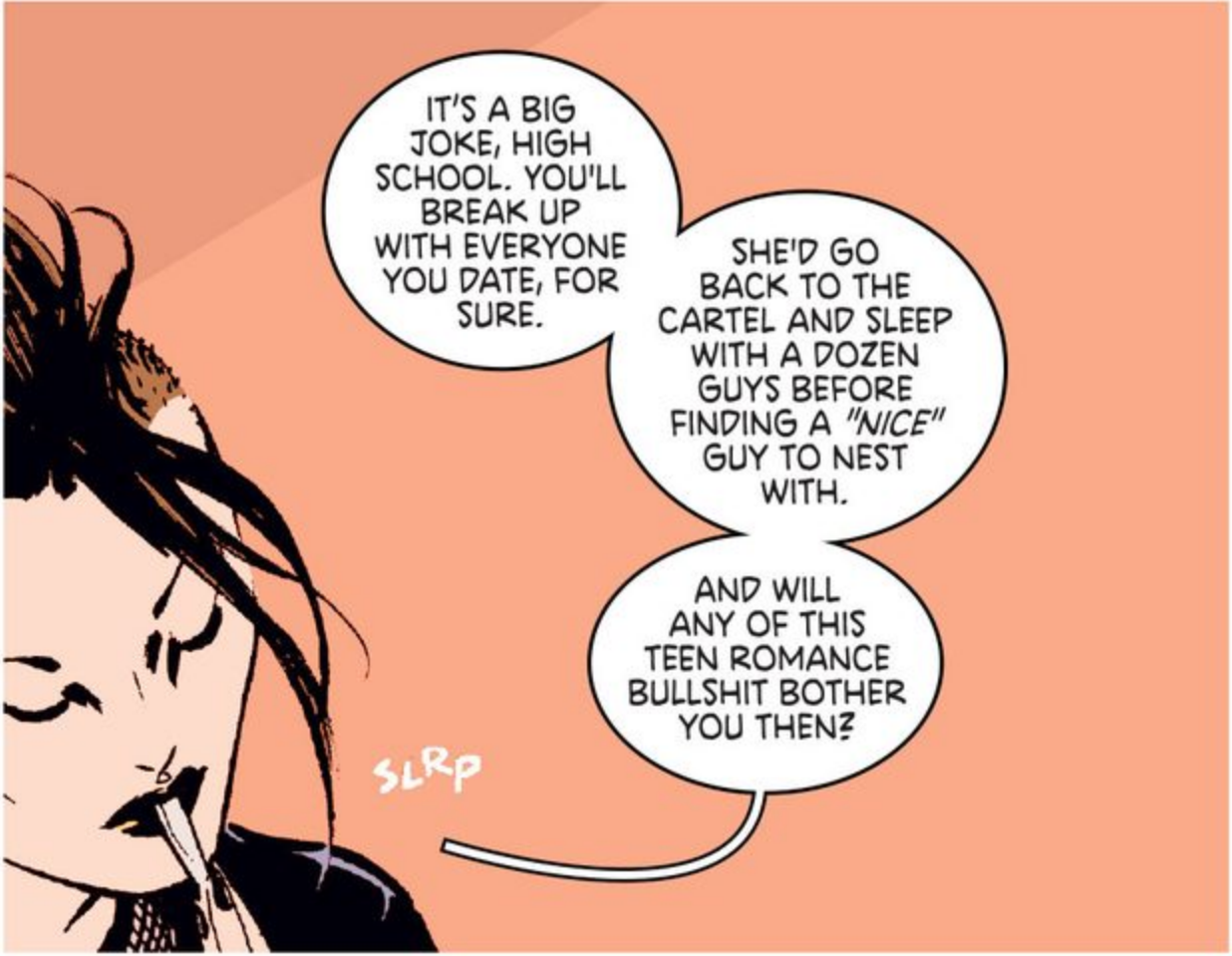
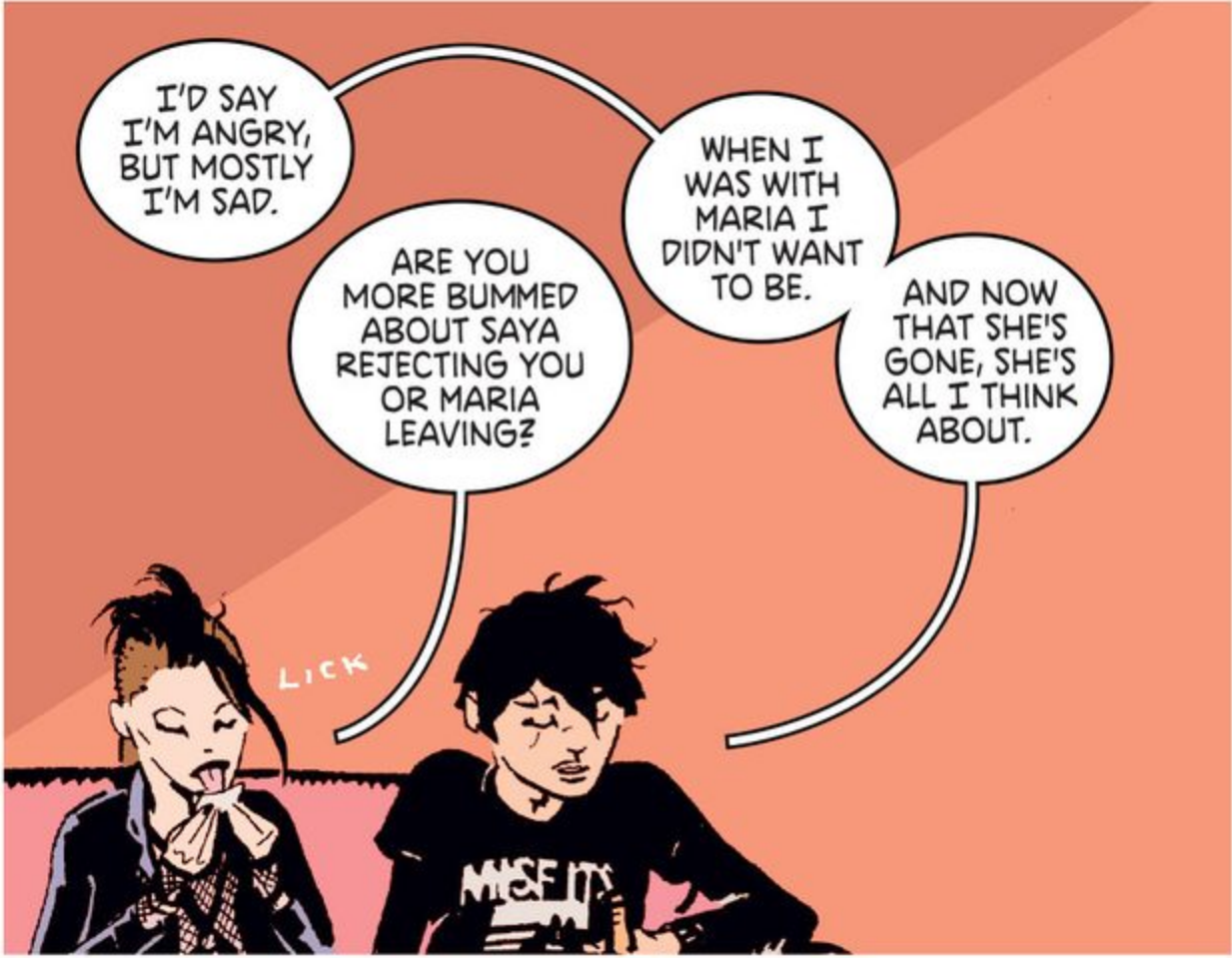
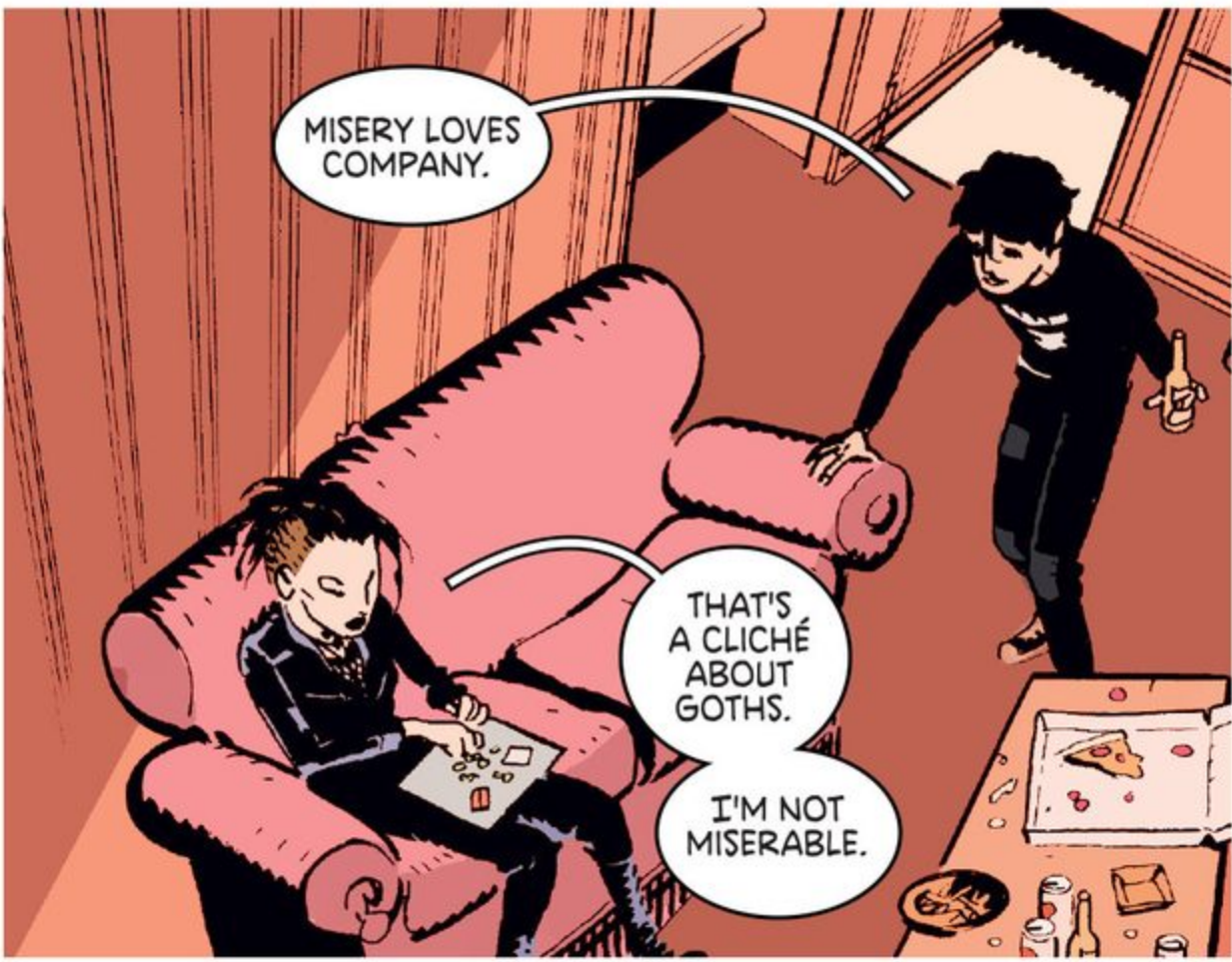


HAHA HAHA HA

IT FELT GOOD TO MAKE THEM LAUGH AT HIM.

EVERYONE KICKS THE DOG.

BLORE





"--YOU DON'T SEE THEM MUCH LONGER."



WHERE THE FUCK--
TIN FOIL ON
THE WINDOWS.

A FUTON... ALL
SIGNS OF TROUBLE.



A FERRET TOO.

THE TRIFECTA
OF TERRIBLE.

NOTHING GOOD
HAPPENS IN A
PLACE WITH A
FUTON AND
FERRET.



I SMELL LIKE SEX.

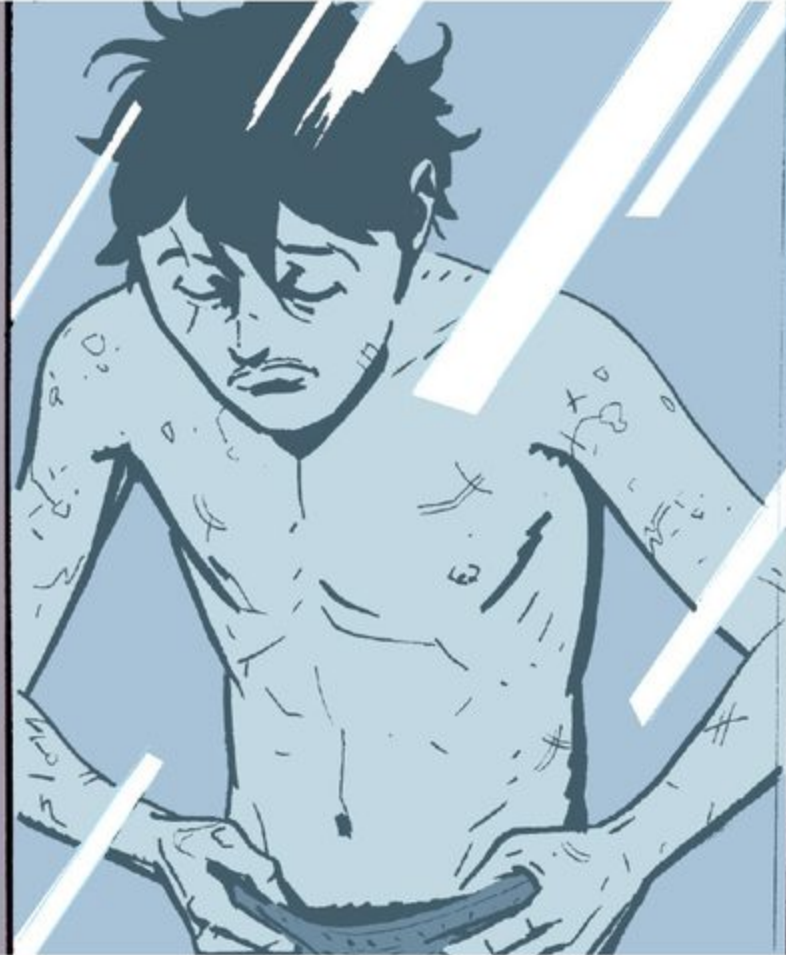
MUST'VE SLEPT
WITH PETRA
LAST NIGHT.



BRUISES
DOWN
THERE.

FLASHES OF
MEMORY--
SHE WAS
VIOLENT--

IT FELT
HOLLOW
AND DIRTY.



I DIDN'T LIKE IT.

I'M NOT INTO
CASUAL SEX.



IT'S UNCOMFORTABLE.

ANXIETY
RIDDLED.



GLAMOROUS,
LIKE PRISON SEX.



IT SMELLS LIKE
ONIONS AND
CARMEX.



OH,
GOD...



SNORKE

A DARK HOLE.

FALLING DEEPER
EVERY DAY.



SOMEONE
KILLED MARIA.



BUT WHO?

DID YOU LIKE IT?



WHO WORMED
HER WAY INTO
OUR RELATIONSHIP,
RUINED IT,
LEAD ME ON?



ABANDONED ME
FOR WHAT USED
TO BE MY BEST
FRIEND.



THAT SHOW
WAS A BLAST, SAYA.
I NEVER GOT THE
PUNK ROCK THING,
BUT IT'S DOPE. IT'S
ALL ABOUT THE
ENERGY AT THE
SHOW.



GOES OUT OF
HER WAY TO
RUB MY FACE
IN IT.



FEEDS ON MY
SUFFERING.



IN FRONT OF
ME ALL ALONG.



I'M
GLAD
YOU HAD
FUN.



WAIT 'TILL
YOU SEE WHAT
I SHOW YOU
TONIGHT.



IT WAS HER.

IT WAS ALWAYS HER.

TRANSMISSIONS FROM A BASEMENT

It's an unseasonably cold June morning in Los Angeles as I drink my third cup of coffee and prepare for the self-inflicted anxiety attack. The caffeinated monkey on my back is another symptom of working too much, for too many years. My rocket fuel of choice propels me headlong into a frenzy of typing up fantasy and adventure and chicanery before dropping me down into the sad alleyways of the inevitable crash, low productivity, and more boiling beige.

Cutting back on my journey to brown town is next on a long list of things that need to happen for my sanity, but, and most importantly, cutting back on the reason that sweet brown horse is needed to pull me through the mud each day; too much work and not enough time with my family as we go through some health issues. Leading me to today's news.

After eight years with the company, I've decided to take a break from my work at Marvel Comics. I feel it an urgent necessity to focus on my family and my creator-owned endeavors.

Marvel enabled me to provide for my family as it grew, as my two children appeared into the world, and for that I am indebted and eternally grateful. They offered me their biggest flagship titles, they paid me well, and allowed me to sleep knowing my family could afford a doctor visit should one be needed, and this was not the case for most of my adult life.

Most of my life was spent in self-imposed abject poverty, quitting one lucrative job after another, to produce my own creator-owned comics in a market that didn't seem to want such things. But that has changed. People want a wide variety of comics now.

So, with your support, I'm going to chase that dream down and eat his sweet, sweet brains.

When I was 25, against the advice of everyone in my life, I left my first profitable job, then in animation, to do creator-owned comics. I wrote myself a letter to convince myself that, *"the unknown road holds better treasure, and even if it doesn't, you have to be true to yourself, to live independent or die and see what you can do on your own."* I reread that letter a few weeks ago and it helped soothe my fears. If I'd stayed in that job, or any of the in-house jobs I've left since it, I'd have never created the things that make me most fulfilled in my career.

So, for the next year, I'm only going to do work that the artists and I own. Putting my ass on the line along with my partners, and try for the dream one more time. To get back to doing what feeds my soul. To be around for my family during some trying times and spend my work hours making comics with the people I want to, the exact way we want to make them, and owning and controlling the fruits of our labor.

I've dedicated my life to making comics. I love it. I'm not sure I'll ever be able to stop doing it. You fine people make that possible by investing in the characters and stories we create. It sounds flat and insincere for some reason, but it's not.

Thank you for caring about these stories so I can keep collaborating with these amazing people to cook them up.

Here's to a year of creator-owned comics,
Rick



BLACK
SCIENCE #15



LOW #7

OUT
NOW

DEAD LETTER OFFICE

Send comments and questions to
WriteRemender@gmail.com!
Mark letters "OK to print".

Seb - Well now, that escalated quickly! Marcus is in a bad spot and it only looks like it's gonna get worse, if it ever gets better at all. The labyrinthine complex of a teen highschooler's wounded heart and ego is home to many monsters. Do we think Marcus can catch himself before he does something he'll regret for the rest of his (from the looks of it VERY short) life?

These are questions! Will there be answers? I don't know! I'm just the Editor! At your service and once again taking over a short stint in the Dead Letter Office for Rick, who is neck deep in some big ol' rumblings (some of which you can read about on the facing page!) but he'll be back next issue for sure.

In the meantime, let's get to some letters!

I've written before--and I'm doing it again---this is my favorite book, so thank you Wes & Rick for creating it and killing it every single issue.

There's a panel at the bottom of page 2, it's Marcus falling through the air with blood all over his face. This image really struck me for some reason---I think in a way it sort of sums up Marcus for me a little. He's never really in control, just in motion until the next thing hits---which accounts for the always bloody face too. I'm wondering where he's at (head space) in #13, I also await the issue where Saya and Maria both kick his fickle butt.

Speaking of the ladies, before #12, I'd have told you that I was diehard #TeamSaya, but now---especially after #13, Maria is really stealing me over.

At first, I'm not even sure what it was about Maria I didn't like---maybe the crying----and then there was Saya, tough and stoic, but gentle too. Now, though, while I still like Saya for those same reasons, I'm seeing Maria a lot differently. I think I mistook her emotional reactions (tears & freakouts) the wrong way---and not even that she wasn't justified in them, at the time I just wanted her to be more, well, like Saya. She's not though---she's not overreacting, or over-emotional, she's passionate. Passionate in every action and reaction---and I am really, really loving that about her. I want to know her better now.

The fight scene with the priest-henchman dude was stunning. I love those damn fans. I really hope Professor Stab-you-in-the-back gets it handed to him----what a jerk. Can't wait to see where this is going.

Summer

Thanks, Summer! What say you now that #TeamMaria has suffered a...shall we say setback and #TeamSaya seems to be steering towards some trouble of its own? But I'm with you, when we started work on this series I was firmly in Saya's corner, since I dig Yakuza tattoos and she rode a mean ass motorcycle. But Maria, what a gal! Heart, brains, guts, the works. I'm really gonna miss her...

But there are plenty of kids in the school that we haven't focused on yet. Maybe there's a new favorite waiting somewhere out there? Personally I'm taking a shine to Billy. Hope he hangs in there for a bit.

Deadly Class Team,

I just finished reading issue #10 and when Marcus shits himself, I laughed so hard I cried. When my boyfriend saw me laughing at your comic, he said how much he loves me. Little did he know I was laughing at poop jokes! Anyway, you guys have made something amazing here and I love every page of it. I look forward to finding out more about the characters you've created.

Sincerely,
Bonnie Winn

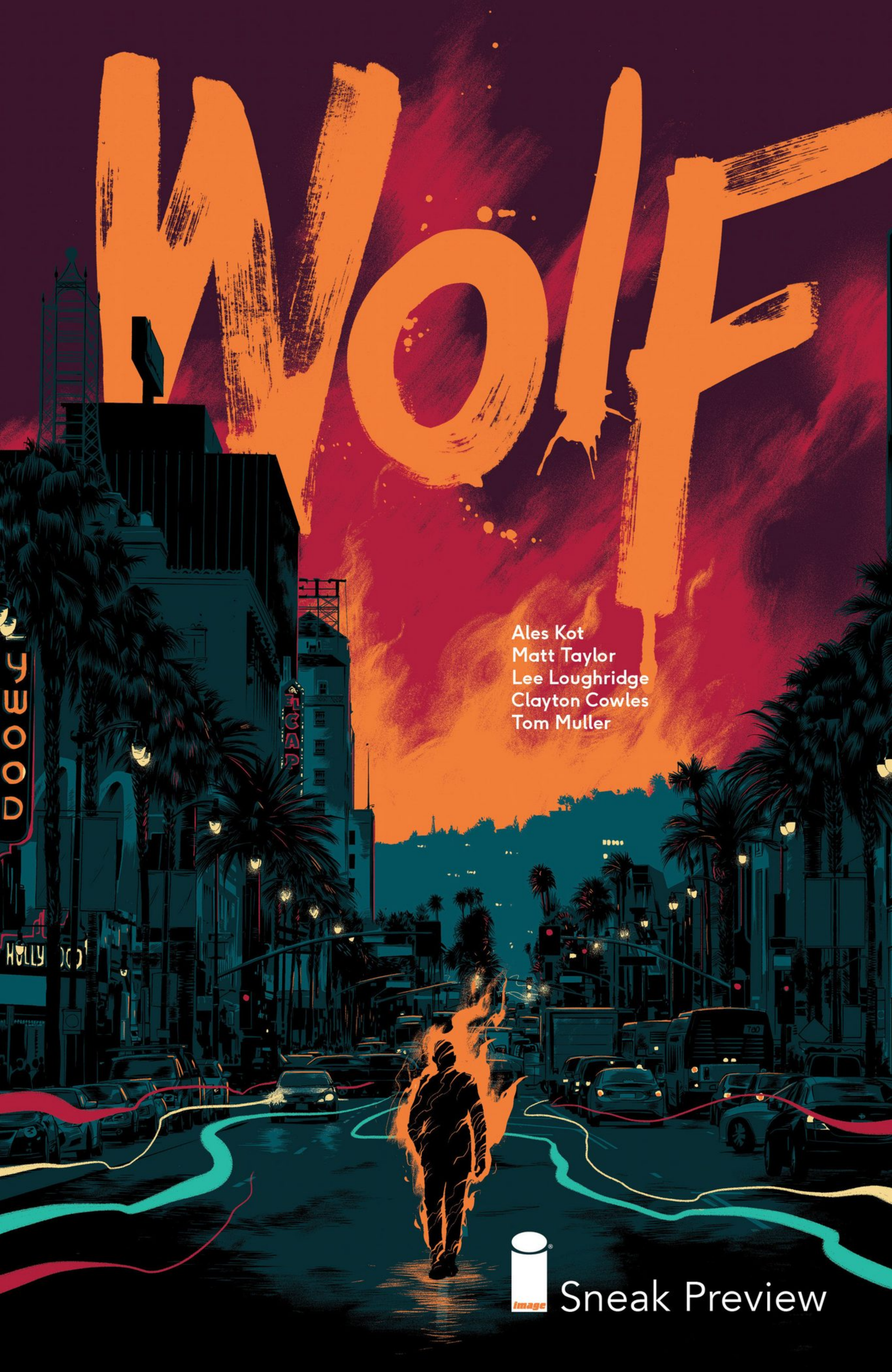
All aboard the Poop Train! Choo choo! That issue is one of my favorite we've done so far. Wes is a magician of dark and secret powers, and he nailed the humor of those beats perfectly. The sound effect trailing Marcus as he tries to rush to a bathroom alone should win some kind of disgusting awesome onomatopoeia comics prize. That's the written sound of (f)ART, my friends!

That's all for this month! We're over the halfway mark for the 3rd arc of DEADLY CLASS so things are going to get real hot real fast! And I think by the end of this chapter you'll be picking your jaw off the floor, along with your teeth, tongue and pretty much everything else crammed into your noggin' because it's going to blow your mind like a 10 ton Daisycutter.

See you all in 30!
Sebastian

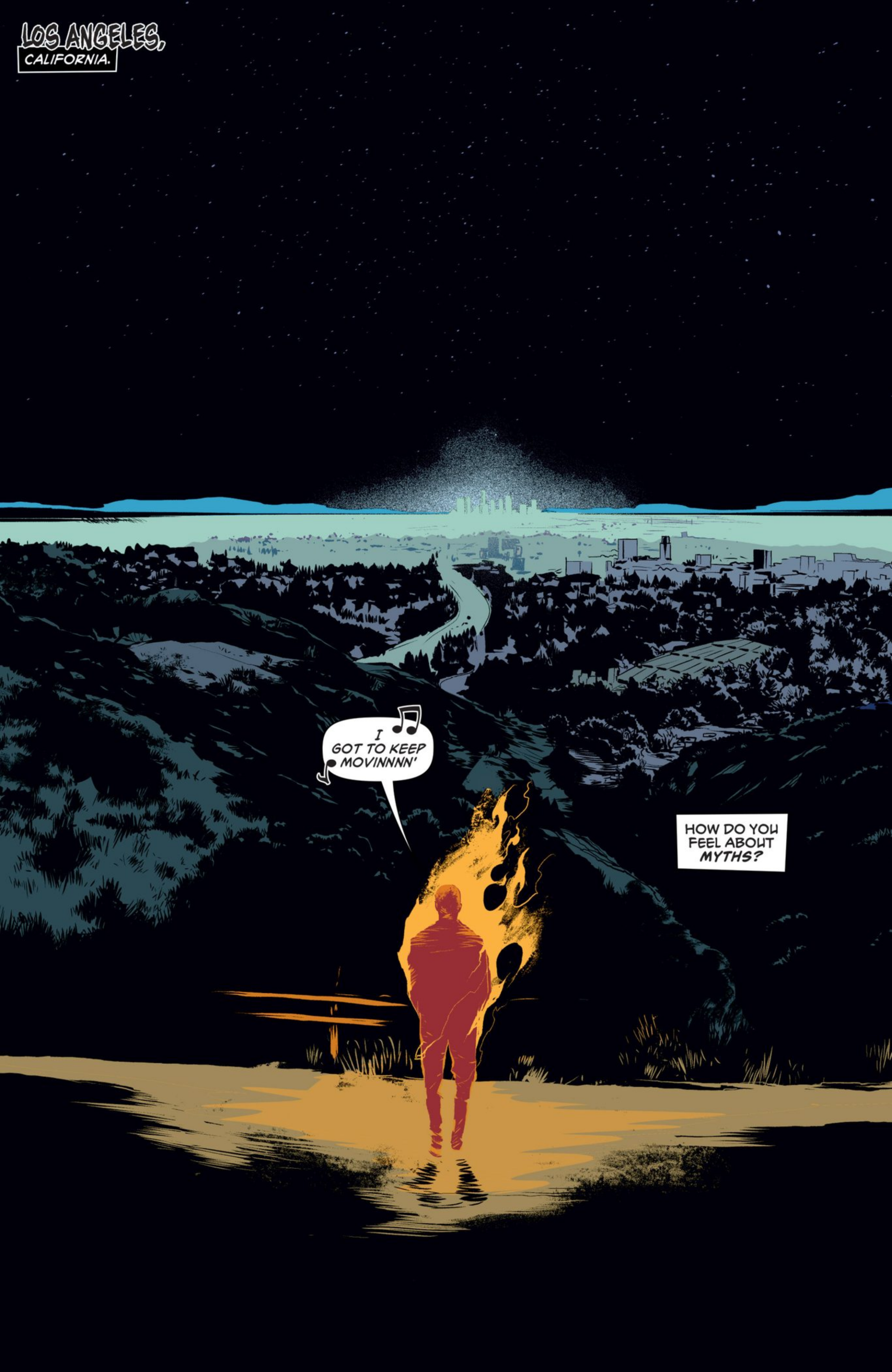
WOLF

Ales Kot
Matt Taylor
Lee Loughridge
Clayton Cowles
Tom Muller



Sneak Preview

LOS ANGELES,
CALIFORNIA.



I GOT TO KEEP
MOVINNNN'

HOW DO YOU
FEEL ABOUT
MYTHS?



I
GOT TO KEEP
MOVINNNN'

POPULATION - HUMAN: AROUND 10 MILLION.



BLUES
FALLIN' DOWN THE
TRAAIIIIIII

HOLFE
ANTOINE
616-23-1780
O POSITIVE

HOLFE
ANTOINE
616-23-1780
O POSITIVE



AND THE
DAYS KEEEP
ON WORRYINN'
MEEEE

POPULATION - SUPERNATURAL: ESTIMATES
RANGE TOO WIDELY TO MAINTAIN CONSENSUS.



THERE'S A
HELLHOUND ON
MY TRAILLLL

I LOVE
MYTHS.

TEN HOURS LATER.

AND THEN THE STRAIGHTJACKET LET GO AND I RAN DOWN THE HILL 'TILL I FOUND THE *POOL*. WHO COULD'VE KNOWN IT BELONGED TO THE WHITE GIRL WHO LIKES TO PRETEND SHE'S BLACK DURING THE GRAMMYS? I KNOW I HAD *NO CLUE* AND YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T PROVE OTHERWISE. THE FACT IS, I'M JUST GLAD I GOT THERE IN TIME TO ONLY SUFFER *MINOR BURNS*.

YOU REALLY BELIEVE THEM *TALES* YOU TELL ABOUT YOURSELF, DON'T YOU?

PARDON ME?

SOMEONE WILL PARDON YOU ALL RIGHT ONE DAY. YOU AIN'T *IMMORTAL*.

YOU'RE JUST *LUCKY*.

I DON'T REALLY WALK AROUND TALKING ABOUT BEING IMMORTAL. THAT'S JUST BAD *JUJU*. AND AS FOR WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING... CONSIDERING YOUR HISTORY, I'D WAGER YOU KNOW HOW LIABLE TO *PROJECTION* HUMANS ARE.

HUMANS. AS IN, *YOU* AIN'T THAT.

NEVER SAID THAT.

LADY WHO CALLED US SAID SHE SAW A *PERSON BURNING* ON TOP OF MULHOLLAND. SAID THE LUCKY SOMEONE WAS THERE FOR FIVE, SIX MINUTES. IF THAT WERE YOU, YOU'D BE *CHICHARRON*, NOT IN THE LAND OF LIVING.

WHATEVER. WHO PUT YOU IN THE STRAIGHT-JACKET?

THE CITY'S A BIT MORE COMPLICATED THAN A "*LAND OF LIVING*."

continues in **WOLF**
on sale JULY 2015

NEXT ISSUE

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DEADLY CLASS



 1988
#15
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